MUSCIPULA:

OR, THE

Mouſe-Trap:

A

POEM

In LATIN and ENGLISH.

The LATIN

By E. HOLDSWORTH, of *Magd. Coll.* Oxon.

TRANSLATED

By *SAMUEL COBB*, M. A. late of *Trinity-College*, Cambridge.

——Inhuman Men!
Skilful in Guile and Miſchief, have contriv'd,
A dire Machine, full of inſidious Fraud,
They call a TRAP; *a mortal Foe to* MICE.
Homer's Batr.

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MAY

TO

ROBERT LLOYD, Esq;

Fellow Commoner of *Magdalen* College in *Oxford.*

SIR,

SINCE my MUSCIPULA, which was designed purely for the Destruction of Mice, has proved a Detriment to my self, as coming into the World full of other Mens Faults; I thought it proper to give these Trifles, such as they are, a New Edition, rather than be answerable for the Printer's Errors, as well as my Own.

But I am afraid of being censured for taking more than a *Poetical License*, in attempting to Adorn this Piece with Your Name; because some angry and touchy Persons may be apt to think it no advantageous Compliment to Your Countrymen. Were this to be allowed, I should have a very mean Opinion of my self, in daring to cast Reflections on so brave a Nation; nor can the Character You bear receive

them as ſuch. This ludicrous Performance is of too light a Nature ever to detract any thing from the Fame of the *True Britons*, or draw a ſerious Cenſure on the Author.

I muſt confeſs, that I have taken a very low Subject on a People ſo deſerving Commendation, who could furniſh more noble Images for an *Epic Poem*, rather than ridiculous Materials for a Verſe of this kind. Beſides, as the famous Actions of the *Welch-men* were by no means ſuitable for a jocular Muſe, it were unjuſt to leſſen them in the *Latin* Tongue, ſince they could not be expreſſed more properly in any Language than that, which the *Heroes* themſelves uſed to ſpeak in. I have only this to ſay in my Defence, (ſince ſome will think that I ſtand in need of an Excuſe) that I had no other Deſign in View, than to vindicate what is with juſt Reaſon celebrated, the Dignity of Your moſt Ancient Nation.

Greece has long ago clandeſtinely arrogated what Honours ſhe poſſibly could to her ſelf; and not contented to have tranſlated *Aſtronomy* from the CHALDEANS,

Letters

Letters from the PHOENICIANS, nay, their very JUPITER from the CRETANS, was arrived to that Pitch of Boldneſs, and ſo ambitious to compleat her Pile of Glory, as to attribute to her ſole Wit, that conſummate Invention of a MOUSE-TRAP. What True-born *Briton* can patiently endure to hear ſuch a recent Author as HOMER, who is ſuppoſed to have written but Three Thouſand Years ago at the fartheſt, aſcribe this ſtupendous Engine to the Brain of a Modern Artiſt, when it is matter of fact that it owed its Original to the Ingenuity of the *Welch*, who lived many Hundred Years before he was thought of: For this very Reaſon, I judged it high time to take the Part of Your Nation, that the *Greeks* might not pretend to vye with the *Welch* for Antiquity, nor HOMER's Engineer rob your TAFFY of his undoubted Claim to ſo commendable an Invention.

But ſince Your Countrymen, *Dear Schoolfellow*, have been ſo famous for their many glorious Exploits, you need not wonder if I am at a loſs how to ſet Your Merits in a convenient Light. For in You, the Virtues of Your Country, and Your Race are ſo ambiguouſly

biguously interwoven, that it is hard to tell, whether You bring more Splendor to Your Family or Your Nation. You have derived from Your Ancestors a confirmed Love to defend the Rights of Your Country, an honourable Resolution to vindicate the Laws, and a Pious Fortitude to preserve the Dignity of the purest CHURCH. And what cannot WALES promise to her self when with Delight she beholds so forward a *Genius* increasing daily in Glory; and our MAGDALEN with happy Influence promoting the Seeds of such extraordinary Virtues?

When hereafter Your Judgment is arrived to Maturity, and my poor Praises shall make no Figure among the louder Applauses of Your Friends; disdain not sometimes to give a kind Look on this little Pledge of mutual Friendship: And be not altogether unmindful either of me, or,

Actæ non alio Rege Puer'tiæ.

I am, SIR,

Your most Oblig'd,

and most Obedient Servant,

E. HOLDSWORTH.

Mag. Coll. *Oxon.*
1709.

THE Mouſe-Trap: A POEM.

SING, MUSE, the BRITON, who, on Mountains bred,
And, like *Saturnian* JOVE, with Goat's Milk fed,
In the cloſe Priſon of a wiry Houſe,
By Magic Cunning, firſt incag'd a *Mouſe*;
Notorious Felon: The dire Charms relate
Which hurry'd on inextricable Fate.

And Thou, O PHOEBUS, if that Sound delight
Thy willing Ear, to aid the Poet's Flight,
Or rather SMYNTHEUS Thy Attention claim,
To Ancient *Mice* a formidable Name:
Now in my Breaſt let all thy Favour throng,
And guide me in this unattempted Song.
Forſake thy wonted *Pindus*, to deſcend
From *Cambrian* Mountains, and my Toil befriend;
While I, delighted with the Task, rehearſe
Small Actions, painted in Heroic Verſe.

A *Mouſe*, a Creature of that ſalvage Kind,
Whom Nature form'd with a voracious Mind,
Had long, unpuniſh'd, by ſucceſsful Toil
Flouriſh'd on Rapine, and grown rich with Spoil.
Secure he rang'd, and, like a Villain, ply'd,
Where Hunger prompted, and where Laws deny'd.
By quick Excurſions on each Diſh he prey'd,
And ſpoil'd the Viands, where his Teeth were laid.
The nimble Rover, at each private Feaſt
Intruded boldly, an unbidden Gueſt.

Not Towers of Braſs, nor Doors of Steel could bar
The greedy Tyrant from incroaching War.
Cheeſecakes and Tarts to ſtop his raging Luſt
Were fortify'd in vain with brittle Cruſt.
With unbought Victory his Arms were crown'd,
He found no Bars, or eat through what He found.

But while o'er all the World this Poiſon crept,
Which, unreveng'd, the Deſolation wept;
WALES chiefly mourn'd the ruinous Diſeaſe,
A Nation fam'd for Valour, and for *Cheeſe*.
Cheeſe, the conſummate Diſh, and ſound Delight
For which alone a *Mouſe* would *Cuſtards* ſlight.
For thoſe by Fits, with nice and careleſs Play,
He licks, and wantons in the milky Way.
But *Cheeſe* ſupplies him with a double Treat,
At Noon to riot, and at Night retreat;
And be at once his Lodging, and his Meat.

This does their Paſſions, Grief and Anger raiſe,
And kindles the warm Nation to a Blaze.
They tear and rave, and o'er the Mountains run,
Fly to all Places, but at Eaſe in none.
For, as Old Bards have in their Verſes ſung,
The *Cambrian* Hearts with Wrath are quickly ſtung;
As if their Souls, ſo wondrous prone to Ire,
Were ting'd with Brimſtone, and as ſoon took Fire.

Nettled alike, now all conſent to ſhed
Their bloody Vengeance on the curſed Head
Of the vile Caitiff: How they might enſnare
The wary Robber, was their prudent Care.
Long they debated on the ſureſt Courſe,
Or ſecret Stratagem, or open Force;
And what brave Captain ſhould their Army lead,
And quell the Monſter in extremeſt Need.
The conquering *Cat*, who many Battels won,
By whom the Race was *only not undone*,

Was now deem'd uſeleſs; tho' ſhe us'd to keep
A wakeful Guard, and nigh his Faſtneſs creep,
Or watch his Cavern with pretended Sleep.
In vain, the Thief, behind his Lines immur'd,
Was by his native Littleneſs ſecur'd.
This was his Bulwark, and from hence he draws
A ſtrong Advantage on more potent Claws.
For if by Chance he ſmelt the *Centry*'s Face,
Backward he ſlunk to his retiring Place,
Unpaſſable by ſtern *Grimalkin*'s Race.
Nor with new Sallies ventur'd out his Head,
'Till Danger with the watchful Pyrate fled:
Safe in his Harbour, till the Coaſt was clear;
Which help'd his Courage, and ſecur'd his Fear.

So when Great CÆSAR kept the World in Awe,
And *Britain* yielded to the *Roman* Law,
(If Cuſtom the Compariſon allows
Of Great with Small, a *Welchman* with a *Mouſe*)

The

The *Welch* intrench'd, to ſhun the laſt of Ills,
And burrough'd in their known impervious Hills.
To Nature's Rampires the whole Nation flocks,
And skulks behind impenetrable Rocks.
Deſpair compell'd them oft to quit the Field,
They could not conquer, and they would not yield
Hence of CADWALLADARS, and a long Row
Of Anceſtors, ſome Thouſand Years ago,
They vaunt, as Heralds born, and proudly boaſt
Their ancient Language, and unconquer'd Coaſt.

Since then the *Mouſe* with adverſary Guiles
Had oft out-general'd *Grimalkin*'s Wiles;
And *Cambria* could no farther Hope deſcry;
Or from the Claws, or Craft of Her Ally,
A Parliament is ſummon'd to appear
And meet in Council on the Land's Frontier;
Where now St. *David*'s, once a noble Name,
Mourns her loſt Titles, and diminiſh'd Fame.

Hither

Hither the Fathers, Lords, and Mob repair,
And ſtrong with Brimſtone ſcent the ambient Air.

At this full Congreſs, an old Sage appear'd
With hoary Head, and venerable Beard,
Envy'd by Goats, which on the Mountains graze;
His Hands all o'er incruſted, and his Face
Foul with the known Diſtemper of the Place.
Worn out with Years, He on a Poſt reclin'd,
Which *Cambrian* Shoulders often us'd to grind,
Unloaded the Reſentment of his Mind.
He turn'd his Whiskers with a graceful Stroke,
And in deep Tone, thus the grave Father ſpoke.
" We're not aſſembled to provide Relief
" 'Gainſt open Foes, but a clandeſtine Thief:
" No fierce Invader from ſome Foreign Part;
" But lodg'd, and harbour'd in the Country's Heart:
" The barb'rous Tyrant ranges where he pleaſe,
" And, abſolute, invades our Lorded Cheeſe.

" O Woe! O Grief of Griefs! O galling Shame
" To the try'd Valour of the *Cambrian* Name!
" Shall we obey a ſawcy Mouſe, whoſe Rules
" Are abſolute, and made for Paſſive Fools:
" No—let it ne'er be ſaid—but let us try
" Our Force, and conquer in the Cauſe, or dye.
" Grave Senators, and venerable Peers,
" Your Country's Sword and Shield, remove our Fears.
" If any Hope or Remedy be left,
" Unite, and combat with the growing Theft:
" So ſhall your Arms our ancient Fame renew,
" And brave CADWALLADARS revive in You.

He ſaid, and then expoſing to their ſight
Half-eaten Relicks of the Tyrant's Spite;
Trophies of Rapine, which too ſure betray
How by the Dint of Teeth he forc'd his Way,
And printed Conqueſt on his mouldy Prey.

This

This ſtings the Blood, this blows the raging Fire,
And with new Fewel feeds the *Cambrian* Ire.
This in their Hearts does Emulation breed:
Some dire Revenge, and ſome th' Heroic Deed,
Inflames with Thirſt of Glory; all contend
By various Deaths to work the Robber's End;
And hammer on the Anvil of their Brain
Incredible Machines of cruel Pain.
The bearded Sires are on Deſtruction bent,
And Fortune labours with the vaſt Event.

But one above the reſt was moſt renown'd,
TAFFY his Name, than whom was never found
A ſmarter Genius in the Country round.
No Blackſmith for a Senator more fit,
Surpaſſing all at Hammer or at Wit.
He wav'd the greaſy Profits of his Trade
Whenever injur'd WALES implor'd his Aid.

In Words like theſe, the brave illuſtrious Man
Attack'd his Audience, and he thus began.
" Fathers and Brethren, if the Fame decreaſe
" Of our rich Morſels, and our envy'd Cheeſe,
" The hungry Ploughman will moſt Damage feel,
" And loſe at Supper a ſubſtantial Meal.
" The wealthy too will have a Loſer's Share,
" And crown no Banquets with the dainty Fare.
" Since they, nor we, are able to withſtand
" The ſalvage Monſters which infeſt the Land.
" Since nor *Grimalkin*'s Strength, nor Fraud prevail,
" I'll try, if this Right-Hand this Head will fail.
" 'Tis all the ſame, if with Succeſs we meet,
" Whether we gain by Valour or Deceit.

This ſtrikes the Rev'rend Council with Surprize,
They gape, and ſtare, and liſten with their Eyes.
A ſudden Joy does every Heart dilate
In ſilent Wiſhes for their better Fate,

To know the Means they earneſtly deſire,
And what, and when, and where, and how, enquire?

Then TAFFY ſcratch'd his Head, a Pleaſure grown;
Familiar to the *Cambrian* Clime alone.
He grinn'd a horrid Laugh, and thus he ſaid;
" When Yeſternight had caſt her ſilent Shade,
" And me ſurrender'd to refreſhing Sleep,
" Which on my Limbs and Eyes began to creep:
" A Mouſe audacious, follow'd by degrees,
" The fumy Steams of unconcocted Cheeſe,
" Which from my Mouth I threw; the Pyrate leap'd
" Thro' my unguarded Jaws, and down ſhe ſlipp'd
" Into my Bowels, and began to prey
" On th' undigeſted Meals of yeſterday.
" But while his Way the Thief returning ſought,
" I ſnapt him, and betwixt my Grinders caught;
" Wak'd from my Sleep at ſome ſurprizing (Thought.)

" In vain the Rebel ſtruggled, and in vain
" Us'd his poor Strength to break the biting Chain.
" This Hint at laſt revolving in my Mind,
" How Mice might be ſubdu'd, if once confin'd;
" The Notions crouded in my teeming Head,
" And a new Priſon and new Fetters made,
" From ſuch a Model faſhion'd and diſpos'd,
" As the late Captive of my Teeth inclos'd.
" O wondrous! by what Art, what ſecret Springs
" The Hand of *Jove* moves ſublunary things!
" How Nature does a conſtant Tenor keep!
" And what Effects from unthought Cauſes leap!
" Th' inſtructive Mouſe has taught us now to ſave
" Our Cheeſe, and make the Conqueror a Slave,
" And tho' unwilling, cures the Wounds he gave.
" Nor bluſh, Grave Sires, that to a Mouſe you owe
" The Stratagem to work his Overthrow;
" 'Tis wiſe to take Inſtructions from a Foe.

This ſaid, the Congreſs roſe, and TAFFY ſtrait
To his reſpective Home repairs in State:
Peals of Applauſes from th' attending Throng
Wounded the *Æther*, as he paſt along.
The tattling Nurſes ſpread abroad his Fame,
And liſping Infants ſtammer out his Name:
All full of TAFFY, none but TAFFY ſing,
What Wonders from his mighty Wit would ſpring;
How great the Nation's *better Hope* would grow
By conqu'ring an Hereditary Foe.
But while they offer up their Prayers, to bleſs
His Brain's ingenious Iſſue with Succeſs,
Lo! wond'rous to behold! the ſober Cat,
Who by the Fire but now demurely ſat,
Brisk as a Kitling, twirl'd her boding Tail,
And, if the Faith of Poets may prevail,
The Curds were ſeen to dance within the Milking Pail.

Mean

Mean time, with Tooth and Nail, with Hand
and Brain,
Did TAFFY, like another VULCAN, ſtrain;
While PALLAS help'd him with her Art, and Oil,
To finiſh his Divine Laborious Toil,
A MOUSE-TRAP call'd, nor heard before, nor ſeen,
A wond'rous *Tragi-comical* Machine.

And now, my Muſe, do thou vouchſafe to ſmile,
Deſcribe this Fabric in no vulgar Style,
And paint the niceſt Parts of the ſtupendous Pile.
In form Quadrangular two Planks are laid,
One founds the Baſis, and one crowns the Head.
The Sides around are fortify'd with Wires,
On which ſtrong Columns the whole Houſe aſpires.
An Entry does inſidiouſly entice
With hoſpitable Look the Pilgrim *Mice*:
But from above depends a threat'ning Board,
Hung by a Twine, like DAMOCLES's Sword.

(So

(So all are ſerv'd by Fates, who weave the Doom
Of Mice and Men upon one common Loom!)
High on the Surface of the Fabric ſtands
A Pole, on whoſe notch'd Head a Beam expands
Its wooden Arms, and pois'd alike in all,
One End mounts upwards by the other's Fall.
Within the Dome a ſlender Wire depends,
Which from the Top thro' a ſmall Hole deſcends,
Which pendulouſly wantons here and there,
And at the ſlighteſt Touch plays looſe in Air:
The lower Part a Hook, portending Fate,
But fleſh'd and brib'd with an alluring Bait:
The upper Part does treacherouſly ſeem
To bite with Iron Tooth th' extreameſt Beam;
But ſoon as ſhe has felt the nibbling Foe,
She drops her Hold, and lets the Portal go:
There without Bail, or Main-prize, or Relief,
She ſhops for Life (too ſhort!) the greedy Thief.

Thus

Thus far has TAFFY play'd the Builder's part,
A Pile erected by the Rules of Art.
But now to furniſh his Inchanted Houſe,
And kill with Kindneſs the devoted Mouſe;
In Flames he fortifies the ſcented Bait,
And loads the cheating Hook with luſcious Fate.

And now was come the memorable Night,
Deſign'd to do the ſuffering *Cambrians* Right.
Down on his Bed undaunted TAFFY lay,
And in ſoft Slumbers loſt the Toils of Day,
The friendly Engine nigh his Pillow kept
A faithful Guard, while the bold Hero ſlept.
Mean time the Mice, a friſking Nation, play'd,
Protected by the Night's officious Shade.
A Mouſe of high Degree did firſt expoſe
His valiant Life in queſt of Prey, and Foes,
Of ſharpeſt Teeth, and moſt ſagacious Noſe.

But vain's our Courage, if a luckleſs Sign
With Beams malignant on our Cradle ſhine;
Or if a Mouſe of hopeful Parts be torn,
Grimalkin's Victim, and a *Welchman*'s Scorn.
Up, ſtrait the Leader march'd, his Prey to ſeize;
For to his Noſtrils ſome auſpicious Breeze
Had born the grateful Scent of toaſted Cheeſe.
But wiry Palliſades impeach his Way,
And the firſt Onſet of his Fury ſtay.
Yet his great Soul a vile Repulſe diſdains,
And double Vigour from Reſiſtance gains;
With curling Noſe and ſearching Beard explores
An Entrance at th' inexorable Doors,
Which upward held, the willing Gueſt admit
To taſte his Ruin in the ſavoury Bit;
Then dropping downwards with a frightful Sound,
Th' unhappy Captain of the Mice ſurround.

The ſudden Noiſe rous'd TAFFY from Repoſe,
Who at the Call of Victory aroſe:
He burns impatiently to know, and learn
This new Adventure of a high Concern.
Mean time the Mouſe, his Conqueſt, raves within,
And bounces in th' irrefragable Gin.
New to this Priſon, and new-faſhion'd Hold,
He fumes, and ſtamps, like BAJAZET of Old.
His Head againſt the ſlender Bars he beats,
And with mad Teeth th' impaſſive Iron eats:
So when a Hunter toils a *Marſian* Boar,
The Woods re-bellow with his hideous roar;
The Youth around his idle Tusks deride,
The Sport of Maſtiffs, who afflict his Side:
His uſeleſs Foam he on his Shoulders throws,
And on his Back a briſtly Foreſt grows.

The Morning Sun diſcovers to the Sight
The Triumphs of the TRAP, and ſilent Night.

rom their ſteep Mountains the ſwift *Cambrians* run,
nd with Huzzas proclaim the Battel won.
he Aſs, an Enemy to Toil and Pain,
lad chang'd his Nature to a merry Vein:
risk'd like a Kid, and like a Lambkin play'd,
nd thrice the publick Joy he loudly bray'd:
hee, TAFFY, thrice he roars to Hills around,
hee, TAFFY, thrice the ecchoing Hills reſound.
he hooting Owl (ſince that auſpicious Time
eclar'd the *Herald* of the *Cambrian* Clime)
ll Night through open Streets and Cities flew,
nd his preſaging Beak againſt the Windows threw:
oudly he rung from his unlucky Throat
he Captive's fatal Knell with diſmal Note.
he Mountains travel, and from *Pembroke* come
Clan of Tenants, from *Mervinia* * ſome:

* *Merioneth-ſhire.*

Some Colonies from *Maridunum* * throng,
Renown'd for MERLIN in the *Britiſh* Song.
With thoſe who dwell nigh Mitred *Bangor*'s Walls,
And thoſe, where *Vaga* into *Severn* falls;
With thoſe who climb *Montgomery*'s ſteep Hill,
Or fruitful Valleys of *Glamorgan* till.
Then TAFFY with ſarcaſtic Voice exults,
And thus the raging little Slave inſults:
" In vain, vile Caitiff, doſt Thou tear and rend,
" And at the Bar of Deſtiny contend:
" In vain with ſtamping Feet and Teeth aſſail,
" Nor with thy boaſted Littleneſs prevail.
" Remember now, thy Theſts and Plunders all
" Start up in Judgment, and for Vengeance call.
" In vain you ſeek juſt Puniſhment to fly,
" Thoſe Bars all Hopes of an Eſcape deny.

* *Carmarthen.*

" No

"No! wicked Victim, thou art doom'd to bleed,
"And with thy Blood this Floor, this Altar feed;
"And may all rav'nous Mice, like thee, ſucceed!

He ſaid, and *Puſs*, who the Proceedings ſpy'd,
Leap'd from a neighb'ring Roof's warm Sunny ſide,
Where ſhe was wont to bask, and wear away
In Luxury and Eaſe a Summer's Day.
The captive Mouſe had kenn'd her from afar,
And now intent to ſhun the coming War,
He ſeeks no Flight, but more improv'd in Fears,
Briſtles his crumpled Back, and pricks his Ears;
To ſcape the ſtern devouring *Mouſer*'s Jaws,
His Hope of Safety from his Priſon draws,
And hugs his Fetters with tenacious Claws.
But all in vain; for *Puſs* expecting lay
With nimble Feet to ſeize her panting Prey;
On whom, when ſhaken from his Holds, ſhe flies,
And fixes cruel Kiſſes on her Prize.

She tells what ſecret Joys within prevail,
By wanton Motions of her twirling Tail.
Sometimes ſhe, careleſs, on the Ground reclines,
Still watchful on her Captive's dark Deſigns;
Sometimes ſhe paws his Neck, and licks his Face,
And girds him with a barbarous Embrace:
With ſportive Cruelty, a ſubtle Taſk,
She acts the Tyrant in a Lover's Maſk.

But now the merry Scene of Action's paſt,
And, like an unfed Lioneſs, at laſt,
Tir'd with her wanton Play, and trifling Toil,
She growls and grumbles o'er her trembling Spoil;
And while his Bowels and his Limbs ſhe rends,
Loud Acclamations to the Clouds aſcends.
Eccho, the Tenant of the *Cambrian* Hills,
With the repeated Shout the Caverns fills.
Brechin, and *Snowdon*, and *Plinlimmon*'s Mount,
And *Offa*'s-Ditch the various Toils recount:

Reſound

Reſound the Fortune of their Country's Wars,
Their ſlaughter'd Tyrant, and their finiſh'd Jars,
And bear the Triumph to the neighb'ring Stars.

But thou, O TAFFY, in my Verſe ſhalt Live
The long Eternity which Poets give.
The *Welch* with Annual Joy preſerve thy Fame,
Thou brighteſt Honour of the *Cambrian* Name!
Thy Country does with Gratitude o'erflow,
And tho' no conquering Bays ſhe can beſtow,
Yet fragrant *Leeks* ſhall for thy Brows, inſtead of *Lawrel* grow.

FINIS.

Rebound the Fortune of their Country's Wars,
Their Daughter's Tyrant, and their Sons Jars,
And bear the Triumph to the neighb'ring Stars.

But thou, O TARSY, in my Verse shalt live
The long Eternity which Poets give.
The Web with Annual Joy preserve thy Fame,
Thou brightest Honour of the Cambrian Name!
Thy Country does with Gratitude o'erflow,
And tho' no conquering Bays the can bestow,
Let fragrant Leeks shall for thy Brows, inlaced of
Leeks grow.

MUSCIPULA,

Sive

KAMBROMYOMAXIA.

——————— Ἀπλυέες ἄνδρες
Καινοτέρῃσι τέχνῃσι ΞΥΛΙΝΟΝ ΔΟΛΟΝ ἐξεύρηντο
Ἣν ΠΑΓΙΔΑ καλέουσι, ΜΥΩΝ ὀλέτειραν ἐοῦσαν!

ΟΜΗΡΟΥ ΒΑΤΡΑΧΟΜ.

Rebound the Fortune of their Country's Wars,
Their slaughter'd Tyrant, and their finish'd Jars,
And bear the Triumph to the neighb'ring Stars.

But thou, O TARRY, in my Verse shalt live
The long Eternity which Poets give.
The Web with Annual Joy preserve thy Fame,
Thou brightest Honour of the Cambrian Name!
Thy Country does with Gratitude o'erflow,
And tho' no conquering Bays the can bestow,
Let fragrant Leeks shall for thy Brows, instead of
Lawrel grow.

MUSCIPULA,

Sive

KAMBROMYOMAXIA.

——————————— Ἀπλωΐδες ἄνδρες
Καινοῖς ἐξεύροντο τέχναις ΞΥΛΙΝΟΝ ΔΟΛΟΝ
Ἣν ΠΑΓΙΔΑ καλέουσι, ΜΥΩΝ ὀλέτειραν ἐοῦσαν!

ΟΜΗΡΟΥ ΒΑΤΡΑΧΟΜ.

ROBERTO LLOYD,

Armigero,

COLL. MAGD. OXON.

Socio-Commenſali.

CUM Muscipula noſtra, in *Murium* ſolummodò perniciem excogitata, mihimet ipſi quoque in Damnum ceſſerit; utpote quæ in Lucem prodierit alienis Maculis abundè inquinata: Nugas has, qualeſcunque ſint, novis Typis mandare potius viſum eſt, quàm mendacis Præli Errata agnoſcere, æquè ac mea.

At vereor, *Juvenis dilectiſſime*, nè me *Licentiam* pluſquam *Poeticam* ſumpſiſſe credas, dum tuo Nomine Opuſculum hoc auſim exornare, quod Iracundioribus quibuſdam vix in Patriæ tuæ Laudem confici videatur. Hoc ſi ità foret, neque ego dignus eſſem, qui in Gentem tàm illuſtrem turpiſſimam facerem Contumeliam; nec Tu, qui eam in Te acciperes. Leviores autem ſunt hæ ludicræ Muſæ Exercitationes, quàm ut Famæ *Cambro-britannicæ* quicquam poſſent detrahere, aut ut Authorem

——— Seria ducant
In mala. ———

27 58 MAY

Fa-

Fatendum quidem est, me humilius Argumentum è Populo Laudis fœcundissimo cepisse, qui sublimiores potiùs *Epico Carmini* Imagines, quàm ridiculo Poemati Materiam suppeditasset. Præterquàm verò quod inclyta *Cambrorum* Gesta *Jocosæ* minùs conveniebant *Musæ*; haud Fas erat ea Linguâ Latinâ deterere, quæ non aliâ aptiùs possint exprimi, quàm quâ ipsi utebantur *Heroes*. Summa tamen excusationis meæ (siquidem quibusdam Excusatione caruisse videar) hæc est; quod nihil aliud vellem, quam ut Antiquissimæ Gentis tuæ Dignitatem meritò ostentatam vindicarem.

Jampridem *Græcia* furtivos, undecunque potuit, Honores sibi arrogavit: Et parùm contenta à *Chaldæis Astronomiam*, à *Phœnicibus Literas*, à *Cretensibus suum* pœne *Jovem* transtulisse, adinventâ insuper MUSCIPULA imperfectam adhuc Gloriam voluit consummâsse. Cuinam idcirco *Britoni* Bilem non moveret, *Homerum*, qui haud ultra ter mille Annos abhinc scripsisse censetur, stupendam hanc Machinam nupero attribuisse Artifici, quæ longè vetustiori *Cambrorum* astutiæ acceptam refert Originem? Hâc quidem de Causâ *Famæ* Gentis tuæ maturè prospiciendum esse duxi, nè aut *Græci Cambros* tuos æmulâ Vetustate exuperâsse viderentur; aut *Homeri* Faber suas à TAFFEIO vestro Laudes surriperet.

Quùm verò *Cambri tui* ob tot eximia Facinora justè inclaruerint, nil mirere, si anxius hæream quibus *Te* præsertim Encomiis, *Mi charissime Condiscipule*, celebrare Gestiam. In quo, & Patriæ, & Gentilitiæ Virtutes tàm ambiguâ commiscentur Elegantiâ, ut augurari vix liceat, utrùm plus Splendoris, Familiæ an Nationi Tuæ sis allaturus. Obfirmatum in tuendis *Cambriæ* tuæ *Juribus* Amorem, honestam in vindicandis Legum institutis Pertinaciam, Piam in conser-

vandâ *Eccleſiæ* Caſtiſſimæ Dignitate Fortitudinem, majores Tui Tibi derivârunt. Et quid non optimo Jure ſpondeat ſibi *Wallia*; dum accreſcentem indiès præcocis Ingenii Gloriam non ſine ſummâ Lætitiæ prævideat; dùm hæc eximia Virtutum Semina, accurata *MAGDALENÆ noſtræ* Cura feliciſſimis excolat Auſpiciis.

Cùm dehinc ad ſubactam Maturitatem adoleverit Judicii Acumen, & inter majores Amicorum plauſus, tenuiores hæ meæ Laudes evanuerint; parvulum hoc mutuæ Amicitiæ Pignus, ſubindè aſpicere ne dedigneris. Neque ſis prorſùs immemor, aut mei, aut

Actæ non alio Rege Puer'tiæ.

Sum

Omni Obſequio

Tibi devinctiſſimus,

Magd. Coll.
Oxon.
1709

E. Holdſworth.

MUSCIPULA.

MOnticolam *Britonem*, qui primus Vincula *Muri*
Finxit, & ingenioſo occluſit Carcere Furem,
Lethaleſque Dolos, & inextricabile Fatum,
Muſa refer. Tu, *Phœbe* potens, (nam te quoque quondam
Muribus infeſtum dixerunt *Smynthea* Vates)
O! faveas; & tot *Cambrorum* è Montibus, unum
Accipiens vice *Pindi*, adſis, dum pingere verſu
Res tenues, humilique juvat colludere Musâ.

Mus, inimicum animal, prædari, & vivere rapto
Suetum, impunè diu, Spolii quà innata Libido
Juſſerat, erravit, ſceleratam exercuit Artem
Impavidus, ſalienſque hinc illinc, cuncta maligno

Cor-

Corrupit Dente, & Patinâ malè luſit in omni.
Nil erat intactum, ſed ubique domeſticus Hoſtis
Aſſiduus conviva aderat, non Mœnia Furtis
Obſtare, aut Vectes poterant ſervare Placentas,
Robuſtæve fores; quà non data Porta, peredit
Ipſe ſibi introitum, Dapibuſq; indulſit inemptis.

Peſtis at hæc totum dum ſerpſit inulta per Orbem,
Cambria præcipuè flevit, quia *Caſeus* illic
Multus olet, quem *Mus* non, æquè ac plurima, libat,
Aut leviter tantùm arrodit, ſed Dente frequenti
Excavat, interiúſque Domos exculpit edules.

Gens tota incenſa eſt ſuper his, Rabieſq; Dolorque
Diſcruciant Animos, frendent, juga ſumma pererrant,
Stare loco ignorant, nam *Cambris* prona Furori
Corda calent, ſubitâque igneſcunt Pectora bile,
Cum Digitis, credas Animos quoque *Sulphure* tinctos.

Ergò, jubente Irâ, dignas cum Sanguine Pœnas
Sumere decretum eſt, ſed quâ Ratione Latronem
Tam cautum illaqueent, quo vindice Furta repellant
Incertum; neque *Felis* enim tua, *Cambre*, tueri
Tecta, nec adverſis poterat ſuccurrere Rebus.

Illa

Illa quidem varias posuit circum Ora cavernæ
Insidias, tacitoque Pede ad Cava Limina repens
Excubias egit; frustrà: *Mus* nempe pusillo
Corpore securus, tantò & præstantior hoste
Quo minor, intentum Prædæ si forte videret
Custodem ante fores, retro irruit, inque recessus
Ausugit curvos, atque invia *Felibus* Antra:
Inde Caput metuens iterùm proferre, nec ausus
Excursus tentare novos, nisi Castra moveret
Prædo, atq; omne aberat vigili cum *Fele* Peric'lum.

Sic *Cambri* (*Cambros* liceat componere *Muri*)
Elusere Hostes, cùm *Julius*, Orbe subacto,
Imperio adjecit *Britonas*; sic nempè recessit
Ad Latebras Gens tota, & inexpugnabile Vallum,
Montes; sic sua Saxa inter, medioque Ruinæ
Delituit tuta, & desperans vincere, vinci
Noluit; hinc priscos memorant longo Ordine *Patres*,
Indomitasq; crepant Terras, Linguæq; senectam.

Felinos igitur postquam *Mus* sæpiùs ungues
Fugerat, & *Britoni* Spes non erat ulla Salutis
A socio Belli, supremo in Limite Terræ
Concilium accitur, quâ nunc *Menevia* plorat
Curtatos Mitræ Titulos, & Nomen inane

Semi-

Semi-ſepultæ Urbis; properant hinc inde frequentes
Patreſque, Procereſque, & Odorum *Sulphure* Vulgus.

Tum Senior, cui ſæpe ſuis in Montibus *Hircus*
Prolixam invidit Barbam, cuique Ora Manuſque
Priſca incruſtavit *Scabies*, ſpectabilis Aulâ
Stat mediâ, fractus Senio, *Poſtique* reclinis
Cambrorum vexato Humeris; & Gutture ab imo
Denſas præcipitans Voces, " non, inquit, aperto
" De Bello, ſed Furto agitur; non exterus Hoſtis,
" Sed majus graviuſque Malum, nimis intimus Hoſpes,
" Compulit huc Populum; dominabitur uſq; Tyrannus
" *Mus* petulans? Vos ergo, *Patres*, Venerabilis Ordo,
" Quêis Patriæ pretioſa Salus, finite Dolores
" Conſilio tantos, & ſi Spes ulla ſuperſit,
" Propitias adhibite Manus; ſic CADWALADERI
" Dum clareſcat Honos, veſtra ſic quoq; Gloria creſcet.

Dixit, & ante Oculos Fragmenta, & mucida tollens
Fruſtula, Relliquias Furti, Monumenta Rapinæ,
Exacuit *Cambrorum* Iras: Nunc æmulus Ardor
Vindictæ, nunc Laudis Amor, ſub Pectore *Patrum*
Ardet, inauditam meditatur quiſque Ruinam
Muri, MUSCIPULAMq; ſtatim extudit omne Cerebrum

A

At Quidam ante alios notus Cognomine TAFFI,
Et magis Ingenio celebris, cui WALLIA nunquam
Æqualem peperit, *Faber* idem, idemque *Senator*,
" Eximius, ſic orſus erat; ſi Gloria Gentis
" *Caſeus* intereat, metuo ne tota Colonum
" Deficiat Cœna, & *Menſæ* Decus omne *ſecundæ*
" Divitibus pereat; quoniam ergo *Wallica* Virtus,
" Et *Feles* nequeant ſuperare hæc Monſtra, fabrilis
" Dextera quid poſſit, quid Machina vafra Doliq;
" Experiar; *Dolus, an Virtus, quis in Hoſte requirit?*

Talia jactantem circumſtant undique fixis
Hærentes Oculis, ſperataque Gaudia læto
Murmure certatim teſtantur, & unde Salutem
Promiſſam expectent, rogitant, ardentque doceri.

Ille Caput ſcalpens, (nam multùm ſcalpere *Cambris*
Expedit) horrendùm ſubriſit, & Ora reſolvens
" Talia Verba refert. Cùm feſſus Membra Quieti
" Heſternâ ſub Nocte dedi, & Sopor obruit altus
" Lumina, *Mus* audax ſectatus, opinor, Odores
" Quos non concoctus pingui exhalavit ab Ore
" *Caſeus*, acceſſit furtìm, & compage ſolutis

" Faucibus irrepſit, jamq; ipſa in Viſcera lapſus,
" Crudas Ventris Opes rapere, heſternamq; paravit
" Heu! malè munito furari è Gütture Cœnam.
" Excuſſus ſubitò Somnis, ſub Dente Latronem,
" Dum reſilire parat, prenſi, fruſtràq; rebellem
" Mordaci Vinc'lo aſtrinxi. Sic Carcere *Murem*
" Poſſe capi inſtructus, nova mox Ergaſtula, mecum
" Hæc meditans, ſtatui fabricare, Animoq; Catenas
" Effinxi tales, mihi quas ſuggeſſerat Oris
" Captivus. Mirum O! quali regit omnia Lege
" Dextra Arcana *Jovis!* Quàm cæcis Paſſibus errat
" Cauſarum Series! Nobis *Mus* ipſe Salutem
" Invitus dedit, & quos attulit ante Dolores,
" Tollere jam docuit; neve hunc habuiſſe Magiſtrum
" Vos pudeat, *Patres*; *Fas eſt vel ab Hoſte doceri.*

Hæc ubi dicta, Domum repetit, comitantur euntem
Plaudentes Populi, atque benigna Laboribus optant
Omina. Tum celeri ſua quiſq; ad Limina Curſu
Nuncius it, Laribuſq; refert, quæ Munera TAFFI
Ingenio ſperanda forent; dumq; Ordine narrant
Omnia, dumq; Deis, ut tanta Incœpta ſecundent,
Vota ferunt, monitæ præſago pectore *Feles*,
Plus ſolito luſere, & (ſi fas credere Famæ)
Sub Manibus Matrum ſaliere Coagula Lactis.

Interea

Intereà TAFFI Manibuſq; Animoque viciſſim
Inſtat magno Operi, & *Divinâ Palladis Arte*
MUSCIPULAM *ædificat*; fit Machina mira, novâque
Induitur Vultûs Specie *Tragi-comica* Moles.

Quin age, ſi tibi, Muſa, vacat, Spectacula pandas
Infantis Fabricæ, & percurrens ſingula, totam
Compagem expedias. Quadrati Lamina Ligni
Summum imumq; tegit; Filorum Ferreus Ordo
Munit utrumque latus, parviſq; uti ſulta Columnis
Stat Domus; Introitus patet inſidioſus, Amicum
Muribus Hoſpitium oſtentans; ſed deſuper horret
Janua, Perniciem minitans, tenuique Ruina
Suſpenſa eſt Filo; (uſque adeò ſua Stamina *Parcæ*
Muribus intexunt, & pendent Omnia Filo.)
In ſummo Tecti, mediâq; in Parte Tabellæ,
Stat Lignum, erectum, ſciſſo cum Vertice, cui Trabs
Parvula tranſverſim inſeritur, juſtèque libratas
Utrinq; extendit Palmas, quarum altera quantùm
Deprimitur, tantùm annexam levat altera Portam.
Interiore Domo, per Tecti exile Foramen
Demiſſum pendet Ferrum, quod mobile ludit
Hùc illùc facili tactu; curvatur in Hamum

Infima Pars, Eſcamque tenet; Pars altera prendit
Perfidioſa Trabem extremam, at cùm ſenſerit Hoſtem
Lethales guſtâſſe Cibos, mora nulla, ſolutam
Dimittit Portam, primumq; ulciſcitur ictum.

His ità diſpoſitis, pendentem protinùs Hamum
Induit Inſidiis TAFFI, exitioſaque *Muri*
Ipſa Alimenta facit, ſed quò fragrantior eſſet
Caſeus, & *Murem* invitaret longiùs, Eſcam
Fatalem torret Flammis, vimq; addit Odori.

Et jam Nox memoranda aderat, cùm feſſa cubili
Membra levans TAFFI, juxta pulvinar amicam
MUSCIPULAM ſtatuit, fidoque Satellite tutus
Indulſit facili Somno. Gens improba, *Mures*
Laſcivi intereà exiliunt, Noctiſque ſilentis
Præſidio confiſi errant; tum Naribus acer
Mus quidam, Dux eximius, Diis natus iniquis,
Caſtra inimica petit, quò grato Flamine toſtus
Caſeus allexit. Venienti prima reſiſtunt
Clathra, aditumque negant; ſed turpem ferre Repulſam
Ille indignatus, Munimina ferrea circum
Curſitat, & criſpat Naſum, introitumque ſagaci

Ex-

Explorat Barbâ; jamq; irremeabile Limen
Ingreſſus, Votique potens, triſtem arripit Eſcam,
Exitiumque vorat lætus, potiturque Ruinâ.

TAFFI, exaudito Strepitu, quem pendula Porta
Lapſa dedit, cubito erigitur, Thalamoque triumphans
Exilit, impatiens diſcendi, quis novus Hoſpes
Venerat. Intereà furit intùs *Ridiculus Mus*,
Et Fronte, & Pedibus pugnat, jamq; intervallis
Clathrorum Caput impingit, Ferrumque fatigat
Dentibus inſanis. Sic olim in Retia *Marſus*
Actus Aper, fremit horrendus, ſinuoſaque quaſſat
Vincula, Ludibrium Catulis, diffuſa per Armos
It Spuma, arrectæque rigent in Pectore ſetæ.

Poſtera Lux oritur, decurrunt Montibus altis
Præcipites *Cambri*, nam cunctas venit ad Aures
Res nova; quippe *Aſinus*, ſolitâ Gravitate remiſsâ,
Et jam Pigritiæ oblitus, laſcivior *Hædo*
Aſcendit Montem, quâ *Cambrum*, diſſonus Ore,
Præconem ſimulans, ter rauco Gutture rudens,
Te celebrat, TAFFI, ter publica narrat Amicis
Gaudia. *Bubo* etiam (*Cambrorum* dictus ab illo
Tempore *Legatus*) per compita ubique, per Urbes,

Totâ

Totâ Nocte errans, Roſtrum ferale Feneſtris
Stridulus impegit, cecinitq; inſtantia *Muri*
Funera. *Parturiunt Montes*; atq; agmine denſo
Penbrochiæ multus ruit Incola, *Merviniæque*,
Quiq; tenent *Bonium*, & *Mariduni* Mœnia Vate
Inclyta *Merlino*; veniunt fœcunda *Glamorgan*
Quos alit, & *Vagæ* potor, rigiduſque Colonus
Gomerici Montis. Tum, circumſtante Coronâ,
Illudit capto TAFFI, iratumque laceſſens,
" *Nequicquam luctèris*, (ait) *damnaberis Aræ*
" *Victima prima meæ, memoriq; hæc Limina tinges*
" *Sanguine*; *Spes nulla eſt, retrò fugientibus obſtant*
" *Non exorandi Poſtes: Dabis, improbe, Pœnas*
" *Pro Meritis, Vitamque ſimul cum Carcere linques.*

Vix ea fatus erat, cùm Ludicra *Felis* aprico
Culmine deſiliit Tecti, quò ſæpe ſolebat,
Cruribus extenſis, molli langueſcere Luxu.
Aſpicit inſtantem Captivus, & erigit Aures,
Gibboſoque riget Tergo, nec Limen apertum
Jam tentare audet, ſed in ipſo Carcere ſolam
Spem Libertatis ponens, ſua Vincula prenſat
Unguibus hamatis, Pedibuſque tenacibus hæret.

Ex-

Excutitur tamen ; & *Felis* rapidiſſima Prædæ
Involat, & fruſtrà luctantem evadere ſævo
Implicat Amplexu, crudeliaq; Oſcula figit.
Nulla datur Requies ; agili Sinuamine Caudæ
Gaudia teſtatur Victrix, & flexile Corpus
Laſcivo verſans Saltu, modò Corpore prono
Attentè invigilat *Muri*, modò Colla benignis
Unguiculis levitèr palpans, mentitur Amorem
Dum lacerare parat ; variâ ſic arte jocoſam
Barbariem exercet, lepidâque Tyrannide ludit.

At Nugis tandem defeſſa, nec ampliùs Iram
Diſſimulans, acuit Dentes, &, more Leonis
Impaſti, incumbit Prædæ: Jam Pectore ab imo
Murmurat, & tremulos Artus, & Sanguine ſparſa
Viſcera dilaniat. Plebs circumfuſa cruorem
Inviſum aſpiciens, lætis clamoribus implent
Æthera ; Clamoreſq; Echo, *Cambræ* Incola Terræ,
Læta refert ; reſonant *Plinlimmonis* ardua Moles,
Et *Brechin*, & *Snowdon*; Vicina ad Sidera fertur
Plauſus, & ingenti ſtrepit *Offæ Foſſa* Tumultu.

Tu, TAFFI, æternùm vives; tua Munera *Cambri*
Nunc etiam celebrant, quotièsque revolvitur Annus,
Te memorant; Patrium Gens grata tuetur Honorem,
Festivoq; ornat redolentia Tempora PORRO.

FINIS.